BAKER'S

Specialties

The Children's Vaudeville

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BAKER'S PLAYS

BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

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Copley Square

The Children's Vaudeville

An Entertainment in Six Scenes

By
WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Author of "Lively Dialogues," "Successful Entertainments," "Children's Model Dialogues," "Jolly Bachelors," "Merry Old Maids," "Christmas Medley," "Information Bureau," "Little Mother's Lullaby Medley," etc., etc.

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A FOREWORD

This entertainment is arranged for children from six to twelve years of age. It includes the most common features of the professional vaudeville, and will allow for the introduction of additional specialties, as desired. Each act is intended to play about ten minutes. The acts may be announced as in professional vaudeville by large letters displayed at side of stage. These, of course, correspond to the ones on program. A little girl daintily dressed may hang the cards in place and change them at proper times.

A curtain should be arranged about midway between front and rear of stage so that one act may be in preparation while the other is performing.

The following program is only a suggestive one. Other names may be substituted.

A

OVERTURE . . . . *Juvenile Orchestra*

B

THE DUMPLING BROTHERS
Comedy Acrobats

C

MASTER WILLIE AND SUSIE HOPPER
Monologists

D

THE TOP-NOTCH DANCERS
Novelty Dance—The Sweet Surprises

E

THE LILLIPUTIAN CONCERT COMPANY
Song Hits—The Suff'ring Gents, etc.

F

THE EDNA MAY BOOTH COMPANY
Sketch—Room for One More

G

LILLIAN HENRY AND RUSSELL IRVING
Illustrated Story—Mrs. Grundy's Calendar

The King's Jesters: An Acrobatic Act

By

The Dumpling Brothers

(*Joe, Ted, Harry and Sam*)

The four boys should be about equal in height. They should be able to act very quickly at times, and to laugh naturally and heartily.

The costumes should be uniform, and each should consist of a peaked hat with narrow brim turned up; a very loose sack shirred at the waist leaving a wide frill below, and with baggy sleeves gathered at wrists; a collar with long-pointed scallops; baggy trousers very full at waist and gathered at or below the knees with frills extending below. The material should be a thin-figured or wide-striped cloth having a yellow background. The faces should be marked with red.

Music should be furnished by juvenile orchestra.

Enter boys at left, with hands resting upon shoulders of ones in front, or in leap-frog fashion, as desired. Form in line at front and sing to tune of "Ho, Ho, Vacation Days Are Here."

A band of merry clowns are we,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
And we have been for the king to see —
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
He laughed so loud and heartilee,
He tumbled from his throne, did he,
A merry band of clowns are we,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

(*All laugh very heartily, holding both sides, slapping knees, bending forward with hands on knees, or other positions to indicate great merriment.*)

The queen was there in fine array,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
And all her maids so blithe and gay,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
It pleased 'em so to see us play,
They laughed themselves into fits did they,
And so we had to come away,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

(*During singing of last two lines, the boys turn and march diagonally to right rear, thence to left rear, to right front and form in line again facing audience. They shake with laughter as they march and sing.*)

ALL (*reciting*).

Oh, yes, we have been to the Kingdom of Mirth,
To see the old king and his queen,
And all sorts of antics and tricks we performed,
The queerest that ever were seen.

We stood on our heads and we turned somersaults,
And we sang the most curious songs,
And we drank turtle soup from a little brown jug,
And oysters we ate with the tongs.

The people were clad in the funniest gowns,
They were built very large round about,

(*Stretch waists out with both hands.*)

For every one laughed so exceedingly hard,
There was danger of bursting them out.

And work was a thing that had never been known
In that wonderful fairy domain,
Yet how they kept clothed and well-fed, we don't know,
But the fact that they did was quite plain.

(*They look at each other and nod.*)

And all the day long did an orchestra sit
And render a beautiful tune
That sounded as sweet as a chorus of frogs,
On the balmiest evening of June.

And the music they played sounded something like this :
Thr-rumpity, thr-rumpity, thr-rum,
Fiddle-de, fiddle-de, fum,
Twiddle-de-twiddle-de-dum,
Boom—boom—bum.

(*Each one imitates, by gestures and sound, some musical instrument, as cornet, violin, snare drum and bass drum.*)

And from morning till evening 'twas ever the same,
Thr-rumpity, thr-rumpity, thr-rum, etc.

(*All turn and march two or three times across the stage, imitating the motions and sounds of the musical instruments. They halt at rear of stage and face audience. Here the imitations cease and all draw deep breath as if greatly fatigued.* JOE *advances toward front.*)

JOE. We are going to tell you some of the feats we performed before the king and the queen.

TED. We might try a few of them now.

JOE. Yes, that would be better. I made the longest jump of any one there.

HARRY (*aside to audience*). There wasn't any one tried but him.

JOE. Ready, now ! Just give attention and I will show you a wonderful *feat*—the longest jump on record.

(*Makes great preparation and finally jumps about ten inches.*)

ALL. Bravo ! Remarkable !

(SAM *measures it.*)

JOE. I'd have done better if my *feet* hadn't been so heavy.

TED. Now I will show you some high kicking. (*To* HARRY.) Will you kindly hold your hand as high as you can reach ?

(HARRY *holds arm very high.*)

HARRY. Is that high enough ?

TED. It will do to begin with.

(*Makes great preparation, draws deep breath and finally kicks to a height on level with stomach.*)

SAM. You're doing better and better every day.

TED (*hands on stomach*). Too much plum pudding for dinner.

HARRY. I will next show you how easy it is for me to lift my brother and place him on my shoulder. (*Makes attempt to lift* SAM *from floor, then lifts first one foot then the other as if trying to see if they are fastened. Finally makes a great effort and fails to move him.*) Queer! I did it easy as anything before dinner.

SAM. My stunt is next. I hope to do better than you three have done. I shall turn a double somersault.

(*Places both hands on floor and tries to turn somersault, but fails.*)

JOE. Hadn't we better help him?

TED. Yes; he needs it.

(TED *and* JOE *are at the sides,* HARRY *at the rear, and altogether they slowly turn him over.* SAM *rises and wipes face as if very warm.*)

JOE. You did that very well indeed.

ALL. And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you will excuse us this time, we will not eat so much dinner before the next performance.

(*All run from stage.*)

NOTE

This makes a pleasing act if well spoken. It must be acted with enthusiasm, and no part allowed to drag. The dialogue is but a small part of the act. It simply connects the actions, and any other words might be spoken equally well.

SPECIALTIES

The act is doubly pleasing if it can be followed by some well-executed gymnastic exercise. Any of the following would be appropriate:

Indian club swinging.
Dumb-bell drill.
Hoop drill.
Wand or pole drill.

Before doing this, however, elastic bands should be placed on arms, otherwise the loose sleeves will retard the movements.

A Boy's Troubles

Enter WILLIE HOPPER, *wearing overalls, straw hat and torn coat, and with fish-pole over shoulder.*

WILLIE. Say! Do any of you folks like to go fishing? I do. I've just been down fishing with John Wood, back of Peter's mill. We didn't catch any—didn't even get a bite (*rubbing hand as if mosquito-bitten*), but it's lots of fun just the same. Mebby some of you have tried it and know. I didn't calculate to go, but—you see it was like this—ma sent me out after some wood, and while I was out there John came along with a fish-pole in one hand and a tomato can full of bait in the other, and he hollers out, "Hi, Willie! Goin' fishin'?" Say! Did you ever have anybody holler that to you? Well, I ain't very strong—never was brought up that way—and I wasn't strong enough to resist temptation. So 'stead of my getting the wood for ma, the Wood got me, that is John Wood did. Gee! I s'pose ma was madder'n a wet hen when the wood didn't come, and I s'pose she'll be madder'n an elerfant when she finds out I've been fishing. Ain't it a pity boys can't have any fun without their mas finding it out and raising a rumpus over it! Why, the other day when I tied a syrup can to our dog's tail you'd just ought to seen how ma took on. Ma and the dog both took on awfully. And she was mad, too, when I tried to learn the cat to swim in the rain-water barrel; and when I put the sticking-plaster in Elder Sniffle's chair that time he came to supper, my ma didn't do a thing to me—why, I couldn't sit down real comfortable-like for more'n a week without feeling a sort of remorse as folks say. Oh, I tell you my ma's a caution, she is. When the minister comes she's just as nice and sweet as she can be and has awful good things to eat, but when we're all alone by ourselves, pa and us children has to stand around, I can tell you, and we take what we can catch for eating, too. I wish my sister Susie was a boy, then I wouldn't have so much work to do. Gee! Girls has an awful soft snap of it. They don't have to split no wood, nor bring in water, nor no nothing—just sit 'round and play with dolls. But I wouldn't want to be a girl. I guess I'd rather

work a little harder. (*Some one calls "Willie! Willie!"*) Well, I can't stop any longer. Duty calls me elsewhere. "Good-bye, ladies, I've got to leave you now."

(*Waves hand to audience as he exits.*)

Enter SUSIE HOPPER, *wearing calico dress and sunbonnet.*

SUSIE. I know something's going to happen now. Ma and Willie has just gone out into the wood-shed. The fire just snapped right out of ma's eyes and there was diamonds glistening in Willie's eyes. (*Sound of whipping outside.* WILLIE *screams.* SUSIE *listens a moment then points to audience.*) There! Didn't I tell you there was something going on? I've got so I know the signs just like a weather man knows the signs of a thunder-storm, 'cause it happens most every day. Willie says he'd get awful lonesome without 'em. Pa says he'd think Willie would get so calloused he wouldn't feel it any more. But say! I'll tell you a secret. Willie always begins to yell just as soon as she raises the slipper, and ma thinks she's most killed him and lets him go. I'm going on ten years old now and I ain't never got a whipping yet. Pa says I hadn't better begin to brag, that I may get it yet, but I just thump on wood and it's all right. (*Raps on floor.*) But Willie is awful full of mischief and provokes ma so she just has to do something. She says she's awfully glad she ain't got but one boy, and I'm glad, too, 'cause I'd probably have to be the one. You know, lots of times, the youngest has to take up with the horridest things. They have to wear their sister's old clothes made over and everything. If I was a boy I'd have to play ball and go in swimming and lots of things "too numerous to mention." Oh, yes,—

I'd dreadfully hate to be a boy,
  On mischief always bent,
And never do the things I'm told
  Nor go where'er I'm sent;
I'd have to wear old overalls
  With patches on the knees,
'Cause I'd be always playing rough
  And climbing into trees.

(*During recital of above verse,* WILLIE *has entered and stands in rear wiping eyes with first one fist then the other.*)

WILLIE (*stepping forward*).

I'm just as glad I am a boy
As you are glad you ain't.
If I's a girl I'd have to wear
My face all daubed with paint;
And wouldn't I look funny, too,
All primped up in a skirt,
And never have no fun at all
For fear I'd get all dirt.

(*Motions to face at fourth line. At fifth and sixth lines grasps sides of imaginary skirts and struts up and down.*)

SUSIE.

My aunt says boys is awful pests,
They make such lots of noise,
But sister Nell is sweet sixteen
And she just dotes on boys.

(*Steps forward and speaks confidentially to audience.*)

Just s'pose the boys was all killed off,
Whatever would we do?
To tell the truth, I think 'twould be
A lonesome place, don't you?

WILLIE (*to* SUSIE).

There, now, you've gone to whisp'ring 'gain,
Just like girls always do;
They're always giggling 'mongst themselves
And telling secrets, too.
Ain't half so much fun doing that
As in playing tag or ball—
But pshaw! there's no use dodging it,—
Boys like girls after all.

(*The last is spoken to audience. They leave stage arm-in-arm and whispering together.*)

ENCORE

(*The following may be recited by either* SUSIE *or* WILLIE, *or they may recite verses alternately.*)

On Sunday Nights

My sister she is awful cross,
And frets and scolds at me,
'Cept once a week on Sunday nights,
She's good as she can be.
She primps and fusses up her hair
To make a pretty show,
But we all have to go to bed
When sister has her beau.

There's Cousin Jane—you'd never think
That any one so prim
Would sit upon a young man's lap,
And talk and joke with him.
She leans her cheek upon his coat
And leaves a great white mark;
And when at last they say "good-bye,"
They say it in the dark.

My Aunt Jemima's got so old
She has to wear a wig;
The dentist made 'most all her teeth;
Her nose is long and big —
But, oh, she can be awful nice —
I'll bet you'd never know
'Twas Aunt Jemima if you'd see
Her sparking with her beau.

I like to see 'em fix and fuss
Their callers to receive;
It's fun to see 'em put on style,
And try to make believe.
My grandma says when she was young
She never acted so,
But grandpa says she must forgot,
It was so long ago.

Sweet Surprises

This act requires four boys and four girls about equal in height. More of each may take part, if desired.

The boys wear very light summer suits, fashionable straw hats, starched shirts and collars, and walking shoes. They carry small canes and may wear eye-glasses. They should appear as very fashionable young men.

The girls wear light pink or blue dresses with low necks and very full overskirts for dancing effects, light colored stockings and low shoes.

There should be as many barrels on the stage as there are girls to take part. The barrels should be arranged in a row just back of the centre, or in a zigzag line. On the outside of each may be printed "Country 'Lasses." A small stool should be placed inside of each barrel to aid the girls in getting out of them. At the opening of scene, the girls are concealed in barrels.

Enter boys on a promenade. Each one recites a half stanza (three lines), with appropriate gestures, motioning to whatever is mentioned in poem.

The skies are bright;
Our hearts are light;
'Tis just the time for a promenade.

The clover's sweet,
Beneath our feet,
And the trees o'erhead make welcome shade.

The birds that sing,
A greeting bring,
And all the world is right in tune.

There's a gentle breeze
Among the trees,
"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?"

(*They may waltz across stage once or twice, or execute a cake-walk, as desired. Music by orchestra. All form again at front and recite or sing to tune of "Three Children Sliding."*)

Oh, what a charming day is this!
So fresh and fair and sweet!
Had we but brought some girls along
Our joy would be complete.

Now wasn't that a stupid thing
For youth like us to do?
A merry dance we might have had
Beneath the skies so blue.

Next time we come we'll surely bring
Each one a lady fair,
That they may join the dance with us,
And all our pleasures share.

(*Girls suddenly arise from their concealment in the barrels, and may join with boys in last line of song, or make a sudden exclamation, "Boo-o-o," to frighten boys. Boys jump in surprise.*)

Oh, me! Oh, my! What do I see?
I hardly believe my eyes,
Now, weally, miss, you startled me,—
'Tis such a sweet surprise.

GIRLS (*singing*).
Next time you come be sure to bring
Each one a lady fair,
That they may join the dance with you,
And all your pleasures share.

BOYS (*singing*).
Now, weally, miss, it puzzles me
To know why you are here,
And in this queer predicament,—
There's something wrong, I fear.

GIRLS (*singing*).

We'll tell you truly, 'tis a trick
For we were playing spies.
You'll find as on through life you go,
There's many a sweet surprise.

(*Each boy takes girl's hand and swings around the barrel as some lively tune is played. Boys sing to audience to tune of "It's so Nice to be Acquainted."*)

S'posing you should go a-walking
On a quiet country street,
With your heart brimful of gladness,
And the tingles in your feet,
And if all at once some fairies
Right beside you should arise,
Wouldn't you be quite enraptured
Over such a sweet surprise?

(*Boys swing around barrels during first two lines of chorus.*)

CHORUS.

Sweet surprises! Sweet surprises
Are a pleasant thing to find.
Everybody likes surprises
When they are the proper kind.
Sweet surprises! Sweet surprises
Bring the sunshine to the eyes;
As we travel down Life's pathway,
There'll be many a sweet surprise.

(*Boys swing about the barrels twice during the interlude. The girls, of course, have to turn around also.*)

There are many kinds of sweetness:
Honey gathered by the bees,
Syrup from the sugar maples —
What can sweeter be than these?

(*A boy stationed in audience calls out "Country Lasses."*)

Now you have it—country lasses,

(*Point to words on barrels.*)

With the lovelight in their eyes;
But to find them packed in barrels
Is indeed a sweet surprise.

(*At close of stanza, boys take girls' hands and assist them in hopping from barrels. The girls trip forward during singing of "Sweet surprises! Sweet surprises," and swing about quickly, then return to partners' sides. At the beginning of last half of chorus, the boys swing partners about.*)

At the close of song some popular two-step or waltz tune may be played by orchestra, and couples perform a simple two-step or waltz and bow as they leave stage.

The Suff'ring Gents

This song novelty requires either four or eight girls, and as many boys. If only four take part, the portions of song referring to the judge, secretary, ambassador and general may be omitted, and the remaining portions of the two stanzas sung as one.

COSTUMES

The girls wear boys' coats, vests, white shirt fronts, stiff white collars, ties, derby hats and gloves.

The boys wear checked gingham or calico aprons, and appear very subdued.

Enter Suffragettes, who sing the following to tune of "Miller of the Dee."

The little Suffragettes are we,
In coats and (1) hats so fine,
For we've the right to vote, you see,
(2) Just like the masculine.
The (3) flurry all is over now,
The beating of the drums;
The next thing is to organize
And (4) pass around the plums.

MOTIONS

1. Point to coats, and lift hats.
2. Thumbs in armholes of vests.
3. Outward movement of arms.
4. Motion to selves, then to the others.

(*In the next two stanzas each girl sings two lines alone as her turn comes, stepping forward as she sings and retreating again to line.*)

(5) I want to be a mayor of
A city proud and great;
(6) And I shall be a governor
To rule a mighty state;
(7) A judge so mighty and so wise,
Upon the bench I'd sit;
(8) A secretary I would be
In the Pres'dent's cabinet.

MOTIONS

5–6. A gentle sweep of the arm outward, palm down.
7. Look over tops of glasses (imaginary or real) and motion downward toward bench.
8. Motion of writing.

(9) And I shall be ambassador
To some far-distant land;
(10) And I shall be a general,
The armies to command;
(11) I long to be a senator
And fix the tariff rates;
(12) And I shall be the President
Of these United States.

MOTIONS

9. Extend arm to indicate distance.
10. Stand very erect, hands at sides.
11. Motion of writing.
12. Sweep of both arms outward, palms down.

At last the nation did give heed
Unto our battle-cry;
The blessed star of liberty
(13) Has risen in the sky.
(14) Now everything will sail along
As smoothly as a boat,
Since women run the government,
And have the right to vote.

MOTIONS

13. Point to heavens.
14. Motion of sailing.

Enter Suff'ring Gents, who sing to same tune.

The (1) little Suff'ring Gents are we;
(2) Our tasks we dare not shirk,
For (3) while our wives are at the club,
(4) We stay at home and work.
We (5) bake the bread and cook the food
For our dear wives to eat;
We (6) sweep and dust and make the beds,
And keep things looking neat.

MOTIONS

1. Appear very down-hearted.
2. Shake heads.
3. Point to wives.
4. Point to selves.
5. Motions to indicate kneading bread.
6. Motions of sweeping, etc.

We (7) mend their dresses and their frocks,
(8) And scrub the kitchen floor,
And (9) polish all the silverware —
No housewives could do more.
From (10) early morn till set of sun
'Tis always just the same,
(11) Since women entered politics
We're losers in the game.

MOTIONS

7. Point to coats.
8. Imitate scrubbing floor.
9. Motions of polishing silverware.
10. Right hand slightly extended, then the left, palms up.
11. Point to women.

Ah, yes, the nation did give heed
To women's battle-cry.
The (12) blessed star of liberty
Has fallen from the sky.
The (13) story has a darker side,
As you may plainly note,
(14) Since women run the government
And have the right to vote.

MOTIONS

12. Point to heavens, letting arm drop.
13. Holding right hand out in argumentation, palm up.
14. Pointing to women.

GIRLS. (15) Oh, yes, you have an awful time,
With you we sympathize;
The hardships that we used to bear
(16) You now may realize.
ALL. But all agree that times have changed,
BOYS. (17) The good old days are gone,
GIRLS. (18) And everything is lovely now,
ALL. Since women's rights are won.

MOTIONS

15. Mockingly.
16. Hold hands toward boys.
17. Shake heads sadly.
18. Smiling and jubilant.

(*All bow and leave stage.*)

Other popular songs or cute children's songs may be added as desired.

Room for One More

CHARACTERS

MRS. GREEN, *a young widow.*
MR. DODGE (*and Fido*).
MR. NEWLY-WED BROWN } *and baby.*
MRS. NEWLY-WED BROWN }
MR. LOFTY, *very tall.*
MR. STUBBS, *very short.*
MR. WOBBLE, *very fleshy.*
MR. RUDOLPH VON GRAF, *a famous musician.*

COSTUMES

Mrs. Green dresses in black; others in ordinary clothing suited to parts represented.

SCENE.—*A sitting-room.* MRS. GREEN *discovered, tidying the room, primping hair, etc.*

MRS. G. I expect every minute people will begin to come and see about getting board. It's a brand new experience for me. I don't know how I'll succeed, but I'm going to try it, anyway. I never should have had to do it if my poor husband hadn't been run over by the cars. (*Places handkerchief to eyes and pretends to weep.*) Well, I guess I've got everything ready. I'll get the paper (*name of local paper*), and read over that advertisement again and see if it's all right. (*Gets paper and hunts for "ad." Reads.*) "Wanted.—By a young widow lady, three boarders. Gentlemen preferred. Rates very moderate. Inquire of Mrs. Eliza Green, 12 Broad Street." That sounds real nice. I want gentlemen because they don't make so much trouble. Women boarders are always snooping around where they aren't wanted. That's what I've heard folks say that keep boarders. (*Sound outside.*) Oh, my! Here comes somebody now.

(*Knock; also imitation of dog barking. She goes to door.*)

Enter MR. DODGE, *leading a small dog if convenient to do so.*

MR. D. Ah, good-morning. Is this Mrs. Green?

MRS. G. Yes, sir, that is my name.

MR. D. I am Mr. Dodge. I see by the paper that you want boarders. (*Takes paper from pocket.*)

MRS. G. Yes, I want three gentlemen. Do you want board?

MR. D. Yes; but I can only speak for myself and Fido. Fido can generally speak for himself.

(*If a small dog is introduced in the act and it has been taught to "speak" for food, it may be made to do so at this time.*)

MRS. G. Mercy me! I couldn't think of having a dog. Mr. Green would never have one around if he was alive.

MR. D. But Fido is a trick dog. I know you will like him. He stands up on his hind legs, jumps through a hoop, and then he's got such a cute way of nabbing at folks' heels. He never bites, though, if you just let him have his own way.

(*If dog is on stage,* MR. D. *may lead it toward* MRS. G. *She jumps back in fright.*)

MRS. G. Mercy sakes! I couldn't think of it. I'm mortally afraid of dogs. Oh, take it away! No, I can't take you to board. You'll have to go somewhere else.

MR. D. I'm very sorry, madam. You miss it by not taking us. We'd make you two good boarders. Come, Fido, we'll have to go. Good-bye. [*Exit.*

MRS. G. Well, mebby I will miss it, but I just can't bear dogs around. (*Another knock.*) Somebody else is coming.

(*Goes to door.*)

Enter MR. *and* MRS. NEWLY-WED BROWN, *latter carrying baby.*

MR. B. Good-morning, lady. We're Mr. and Mrs. Newly-wed Brown from ———. (*Name some local village.*) We've come to see about getting board.

MRS. G. Yes, I advertised for boarders.

MR. B. There's three of us, you see, but only two gentlemen and one lady.

MRS. G. I advertised for three gentlemen, but you seem so quiet-like I don't know but I would take you after all. The baby is real quiet, too.

MRS. B. He's awfully quiet during the day. Aren't you, tootsie wootsie? He gets sort of restless in the night, and Mr. Brown always has to walk the floor with him.

MR. B. Used sixteen bottles of castoria since Christmas. How's that?

MRS. G. Gracious! What an awful lot.

MR. B. We've got so we buy it at wholesale, now.

MRS. G. Well, we've never had any babies here before, and sometimes it gets awfully quiet, especially since my husband was killed by the cars.

MRS. B. So you are a widow? My! You don't look old enough for a widow. Old Mrs. Snooks was a widow, but gracious! She was 'most eighty years old.

MR. B. What do you charge for board?

MRS. G. My rates are very low for this part of the town—only ten dollars a week.

MR. B. What! Ten dollars apiece?

MRS. G. That's the regular rate. Of course if people are very hearty eaters, or are in the habit of calling for two pieces of pie for dinner, or want more than one kind of fruit for breakfast, why then I should have to charge more.

MRS. B. The idea!

MR. B. I s'pose, of course, the baby's board would be thrown in free at that price, wouldn't it?

MRS. G. Oh, my, no. It's worth just as much to have a baby 'round as a grown person. That price is very reasonable considering the high cost of living.

MR. B. (*mockingly*). Oh, yes, very reasonable. Say, madam, do you think I'm a millionaire? I am only getting twenty dollars a week where I work. How can I pay thirty dollars for board?

MRS. G. Perhaps you can get it cheaper on the other side of the town. It isn't so fashionable over there.

MRS. B. What shall we do, John? Maybe we can start in housekeeping for ourselves. Wouldn't that be lovely?

MR. B. I'm afraid the cost of living would be too high. No, we'll have to go back and sponge our living out of your folks again same's we've been doing ever since we were married.

MRS. B. Oh, dear! I did so want a change.

MR. B. (*to* MRS. G.). Well, good-bye, madam. I hope you will get boarders that don't eat too much. [*Exeunt.*

MRS. G. Dear me! Dogs and babies. What next? (*A*

knock.) My! They're coming awful fast. I do hope this one will be all right. (*Goes to door.*)

Enter MR. LOFTY, MR. STUBBS *and* MR. WOBBLE. *All bow very politely.*

MR. S. Is this the lady that wants boarders?

MRS. G. I am Mrs. Green.

MR. S. And we are the three boarders.

(*Points to himself and others.*)

MRS. G. What, all at once?

MR. L. Of course. You wouldn't want us to take turns, would you?

MRS. G. But I mean you have all come at once. Are you friends?

MR. S. Yes; we work at the same place. My name is Stubbs, and I am a tailor. Mr. Lofty, here, is a truckman, and Mr. Wobble is a sausagemaker.

MRS. G. A tailor, a truckman and a sausagemaker! And you all work in the same place? Where can it be?

MR. S. In a department store.

MR. W. What do you ask for board?

MRS. G. Ten dollars a week.

MR. W. Ten dollars for all of us together?

MRS. G. Oh, no! Ten dollars apiece.

(MR. S. *gives long whistle,* MR. W. *pants and appears to be out of breath, and* MR. L. *slaps him on back.*)

MR. S. That 'most took our breath away.

MR. W. Would it make any difference if we sleep three in a bed?

MRS. G. Why, you couldn't do that.

MR. W. We've done it before. I sleep in the middle.

MR. S. Don't you think you could make it five dollars a week, ma'am?

MR. W. We're very small eaters.

MRS. G. Dear me! I don't know what to say. I wish my husband hadn't got killed so he could tell me what to do.

MR. L. I'll tell you; say "yes."

MRS. G. Well, yes; I guess I'll have to take you. I don't know as I can do any better.

MR. W. Do any better? You couldn't do better if you were to wait a year. (*Knock is heard.*)

Enter MR. VON GRAF, *carrying musical instrument of some kind in case.*

MR. V. G. Goot-morning, ma'am. I coom for to get board for meinself.

MRS. G. I'm sorry, sir, but I have my boarders.

MR. V. G. Ach, so! Und you don't take von more? Dere vas alvays room for von more.

MRS. G. I really don't see how I can.

MR. V. G. (*looking around*). Dis vas von cozy blace to shtay. I yoost leave von goot blace, too.

MRS. G. What made you leave your other place?

MR. V. G. Ach, I tells you. I yoost make der music on mein fiddle (*or other instrument*) und der people get fidgety und move avay. Den I haf to move avay, too, mit mein fiddle. Maype you like to hear dot music.

(*Takes instrument from case and tunes it. Produces discordant notes.*)

MRS. G. Oh, mercy! (*Places hands over ears.*)

MR. S. Somebody call the police.

MR. L. We'll all be in a lunatic asylum if he's going to board here.

MR. V. G. You don't like it? Vell, I try him again.

(*Plays very sweetly this time.*)

MRS. G. That's perfectly lovely. What is your name, sir?

MR. V. G. I tinks maype you haf heard it before. My name is Rudolph Von Graf.

MR. S. Are you the famous musician?

MR. V. G. Ya, dot bin me.

MRS. G. I think I can let you come, after all, Mr. Von Graf. We will enjoy your music so much.

MR. L. Mrs. Green, please excuse us. We are not what we seem. That was only a joke of Mr. Stubbs'. We are the officers of the new telephone company just started here, and we are willing to pay your full price.

MRS. G. I'm so glad. I wanted three boarders, and now I have four; but there's always room for one more.

Mrs. Grundy's Calendar

SCENE.—The rear of the stage should be devoted to the pantomime. A large home-made calendar hangs on the rear wall, having the day of the week printed at the top of each sheet and the day of the month in large figures just underneath. A little boy and girl should open and close curtains at proper times. This may be given as a shadow-play instead of pantomime, if desired. The latter would be much easier to arrange.

There should be a chair at either side of stage for the story-tellers.

Enter GIRL *at right;* BOY *at left. They step to centre of stage.*

BOY. Ladies and gentlemen: We have come to-day to tell you a story, or, as some older heads might say, to spin a tale about—(*scratching head and trying to think*) about—about —— (GIRL *whispers in his ear. He nods as she does so.*) Oh, yes! We've come to tell you about "Mrs. Grundy's Calendar."

(*Take places in chairs.*)

GIRL. Oh, Mrs. Grundy's calendar,
It hangs upon the wall.
You'll find it by the chimney-place
If you should chance to call.

She lays her plans for every day,
Some special work to do,
But when her work's all done, she finds
Some time for gossip, too.

BOY. I suppose you all know Mrs. Grundy? She lives on ——

GIRL. Sh—! Sh—!

BOY. Well, I won't tell where she lives, because some of you might think who she is. Of course, "Mrs. Grundy" isn't her real name. Everybody's afraid of her; that is, they're all afraid of what she'll say. Why ——

Some people mortgage all they've got
To dress and put on style;
I s'pose they don't want her to know
That they can't dress just so and so,
And do it all the while.
That's so!
I guess that all the world now-days
Is 'fraid what Mrs. Grundy says.

(*During the remainder of the exercise, the curtains are opened as soon as* BOY *finishes his stanza and closed after* GIRL'S *recitation. Each pantomime is introduced by music and continues a moment before* GIRL *recites. The calendar is changed each time to indicate the day referred to.*)

MONDAY

I

(PANTOMIME.—*Small wash-tub and wash-board on bench.* MRS. GRUNDY, *with sleeves rolled to elbows, is busy washing and wringing clothes.* MR. GRUNDY *may enter at her beckoning and assist her in wringing, etc.*)

GIRL. 'Tis Monday morning, as you see,
She's busy at the tub
With sleeves above her elbows rolled,
All ready now to rub.

And every week, no matter what,
Her washing's done at nine,
Her tub and boiler put away,
And clothes out on the line.

BOY. She always gets her own washing out early so she'll have a chance to watch her neighbors' clothes-lines.

When folks hang out their clothes to dry,
They look all nice and white,
And none of them have holes in yet,
That's 'cause the ragged ones, you bet,
Are 'way off out of sight.
Oh, yes!
It's funny, but that's just the way,
They're 'fraid what Mrs. Grundy'll say.

TUESDAY

2

(PANTOMIME.—*Small table, or ironing board on tops of chairs.* MRS. GRUNDY *discovered ironing. Visitor enters. She appears to gossip as she works.*)

GIRL. On Tuesday she has work enough,
The ironing must be done,
And every garment put away
Before the set of sun.

But should you chance to call on her
She'll visit just as well,
And everything she's seen or heard,
She will be pleased to tell.

BOY. When you want to know about anything that's going on,—weddings or parties or funerals, just go and ask her.

When there are doings anywhere,
At balls or anything,
Dame Grundy's always right on hand,
And everything must be so grand,
And fit for any king.
Gee whiz!
And then the folks must work and pay
For thinking what Dame Grundy'll say.

WEDNESDAY

3

(PANTOMIME.—MRS. GRUNDY *discovered sewing. She wears glasses. Occasionally stops and looks up and down street.*)

GIRL. 'Tis Wednesday and her mending day,
She mends each rent and tear;
She sews the buttons on the shirts,
And darns the socks with care.

She sits beside the open door
And makes her needle fly,
And no one passing on the street
Escapes her watchful eye.

BOY. I s'pose you ladies know how it is:

When ladies wear old shabby clothes,
Or else a last year's hat,
They walk around an awful ways
To 'scape old Mrs. Grundy's gaze —
Now what do you think of that?
Oh, gee!
The men, of course, don't do that way,
'Cause they don't care what women say.

THURSDAY

4

(PANTOMIME.—MRS. GRUNDY, *wearing hat and shawl, is discovered at the home of a neighbor. She and her friend are busily engaged in conversation, gesticulating, etc.*)

GIRL. On Thursday she must have a change,
A little time for play,
And so among her friends she goes
On this—her calling day.

She calls on Mrs. Brown and Smith,
And Mrs. Jones and Hughes.
'Twould almost take your breath away
To hear them tell the news.

BOY. You see, they both want to talk at once, they've got so much to say.

When Deacon Griggs first went to ride
With Aunt Jemima Brown,
Dame Grundy saw them going by,
And guessed there was a wedding nigh,
And told it over town.
She did!
But when they do, we'll all be dead;
They hain't got spunk enough to wed.

FRIDAY

5

(PANTOMIME.—MRS. GRUNDY, *in dusting cap, discovered sweeping and dusting. Chairs, etc., out of place.*)

GIRL. On Friday, with her broom in hand,
Our worthy dame we find;
She sweeps the house so spick and span,
And leaves no dirt behind.

And then she goes around again
And dusts the furniture.
And when she's done, why, everything
Just shines, you may be sure.

BOY. Mrs. Grundy's awful neat about the house. Say, you know what folks do in house-cleaning time, don't you?

When folks are cleaning in the spring,
The things they put in front
Are nice plush chairs all blue and red,
The old things are out in the shed.
That's everybody's stunt,
You know!
Oh, yes, that's always just the way,
They're thinking what Dame Grundy'll say.

SATURDAY
6

(PANTOMIME.—*Small table and cooking utensils at hand.* MRS. GRUNDY *discovered pouring, mixing, stirring, etc.*)

GIRL. On Saturday, the house all cleaned,
It is her day to bake.
She bakes her bread and cookies fine,
Her pies and jelly-cake.

She'll have enough baked up next day
Should company arrive;
And when the dinner time draws near,
How easy to contrive.

BOY. We have awful good things to eat at our house when Mrs. Grundy comes.

Some folks, they live on johnny cake
When no one else is there,
But when there's company to tea,
They have the nicest stuff, oh, gee!
It's good as hotel fare,
You bet!
'Most everybody does that way,
Account of what Dame Grundy'll say.

SUNDAY

7

(PANTOMIME.—MR. *and* MRS. GRUNDY *just starting for church, both dressed in best clothes and prayer-book in hand. If preferred this may represent a church scene, by placing several chairs in rows. People are sitting in them as in church.* MRS. GRUNDY *should be conspicuously watching other ladies' hats.*)

GIRL. On Sunday, she goes off to church,
All togged out in her best,
And there she finds her neighbors, too,
And sees how they are dressed.

When meeting's through she greets them all,
And bits of news may seek,
That she may have something to tell
All through the coming week.

BOY. Say! Ain't it fun to see how folks will tog out when they go to church? And they always go whenever they've got anything new to wear.

Some folks they go to church, they do,
And just sit there and pose
In all the fine things they can wear,
'Cause Mrs. Grundy will be there
To scrutinize their clothes.
Yours, too!
They know 'tain't right to do that way,
But they're so 'fraid what she will say.

(BOY *and* GIRL *step to centre of stage and recite in concert, or sing to tune of "Boys Wanted."*)

Every day, the whole week through,
Just be careful what you do;
If it's not the usual way,
What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Ever does her watchful eye
See the people passing by.
If you chance to go astray,
What will Mrs. Grundy say?

Now we've told the story true,
We have this advice for you:
Watch your actions every day
Fearing what Dame Grundy'll say.

Every day, the whole week through,
Just be careful what you do;
If it's not the usual way,
What will Mrs. Grundy say?

NOTE.—The part of Mrs. Grundy may be taken by two girls, one in work dress, the other in calling or church dress. This will avoid hasty changes.

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